

Lukewarm

Penelope Scott

Put your index finger in your mouth
And scratch your cheek real slow
Draw blood, taste water
And drink it 'til there's no more

Throw a punch, watch it sail through the air
Keep talking but there's nobody there
Can't remember anything that you say
Slit your throat and die and wake up the next day

I wanna scream
I wanna run
I'd die at 22 to feel alive at 21
It's lukewarm and stale bread
I wanna put a magic bullet in my head
It's lukewarm and stale bread
I wanna get my heavy bones outta bed

I couldn't pass the Turing test if I
Had the answer sheet
I wanna leave everyone who loves me
'Cause I'm so bland and they're so sweet
The news used to make me cry every time
I'd rather cry than come tonight
I can't even give a fuck in my dreams
Oh what I wouldn't give to care enough to scream

I wanna scream
I wanna run
I'd die at 22 to feel alive at 21
It's lukewarm and stale bread
I wanna put a magic bullet in my head
I wanna put a magic bullet in my bed

Snort coke
Get fucked
Go to church and pray to live a life that doesn't suck
Read books
And get laid
And maybe God would let me fucking die one day